A PICTURE. WORDSWORTH

How rich that forehead's calm expanse! How bright that heaven-directed glance! Waft her to Glory, winged Powers, Ere sorrow be renewed.

And intercourse with mertal hours Bring back a humbler mood! So looked Catilla when she drew An angel from her station; Bo looked-not ceasing to persue Her tuneful adoration

But hand and voice alike are still: No sound here sweeps away the will That gave it birth-in adoration meel One upright arm sustains the cheek, And one secross the bosom Hes-That rose, and now fergets to rise, Subdued by breathless barmonies

Of meditative feeling: Mute strains from worlds beyond the skies. Tarough the pure light of female eyes, Their sanctity revealing !

OLD CATHIE'S STORY.

"I never seed no tamily like de old Prentiss, Miss May; 'pears like folks ain't so nice dis yer way. My Misis was a reg'lar queen."

"Who was your Missis, Cathie?" asked the picturesque old colored woman, who sat leaning on the handle of a huge basket she had just emptied of clean clothes.

"My Missis was, fust, Mars' Cunnel Prentiss' mother. Warn't no nonsense bout her. We lived on de ole Missisip, and dat ar' was a plantation sich as you don't ever see now-a-days. Why, Mars' Cannel be own a hundred and fifty people, yas, Miss, an' I was one of 'em."

"Were you well treated?" "What! we uns! treated well!" and here Cathle Moss broke into a laugh that set her fat shoulders to shaking. "Treated well! Mars Cunnel! dat ar ole plantation! Let me tell you, Miss May, we never knowed what hard times was till we's free."

"Out o'clos' go to ole Missis, an' thar she sat in de big room, a cuttin' out de blue clot inter gowns and aprons, and de white clof inter al sorts o' things."

"What, mammy! your gown a-wearin' out? Well, call in to-morrow'n you shall hev a new one.' Dat's de way it be so treated, poor soul." was dar, and nex' mornin,' 'g'long! dar's your gown a-smellin' sweet ob de dye, an' a smart han'kerchief to put on tor. Miss Lily might live for months, ground the entire season. In the spring wid it."

"Or s'pose I go in wid de headache Off I sent to de doctor, an'p'r'aps to de hospital, dat hebenly room under de pine trees, where dar wasn' nuffin' to be done but take de medicine an' git well."

"Dat was libbin', Miss May. 'Clar' to heben, don't dar' to get headache here, Miss May; cost too much money,' and the old woman shook her head with a lugubrious countenance.

"Then, on the whole, you don't care so much for your freedom?"

"Well, sometimes, Miss May, I i despretly onfaithless, an' I looks back to Egyp'isn', an' my Mars' Cunnel Prentiss, wid longings as can't be muttered."

"I seems to see my ole Mars', whose lain in anybody's, I reckon, for I were on'y thirteen when he were born, an' de nuss, my own mudder, just cuddled him in my shoulder; laws, Miss May, dar neber was an angelicar chile, an' when he grow up his eyes was as black as sloes, an' he was so tall an' han'-

" 'Deed, he take mighty good car' o' his people, an' jest let 'em ory hallelujah an' shout to de Lord. Well, I won't say I doesn't itke freedom, Miss May," she added, picking at the basket handle, "but as fer to go to say its as comfortable as my ole Mars' Cuunel Prentiss' plantation-" and heaving a great sigh, she shook her old shaker bonnet with

"When Mars' Prentiss got married, he married a lady, he did," she began again with that unmistakable expression which shows how far back the thoughts have traveled.

"Lor! wasn't she a beauty, wid her blue eyes an' yallar gold hair? None of your cajun in her, but raal stock and blood. No mean ways; jest nateral and noble, an' I tells you, dare wasn't a servant on de place but jest worship her."

"Reckon she was 25 when Mars' Ralph was born. I'se a stout woman den, goin' on 40, an' dar was gineral rejoicin' cause, ye see, dat ar' was de fust son. But Missis, she kep' her eye on me; just didn't like to see me go to de do', an'I could see dar was sometin' on her mind.

"One day says she, 'Cathie,' says she, everybody is so happy.' "Lor', Missis," says I, "an' no wond-

or. Here you s, spa'd to de master, n' a beautiful boy come inter dis world of sin an' sufferin'.' " 'Yes, he must suffer an'sin p'r'aps,

he said, under her bref, like, 'an' ha'n't be here to pity him.' "Well, Miss, dem words struck m

Il in a chill like; I jest sot an' looked t her, an' for de fust time I see somehin' in her face I hadn't noticed before was de glory ob heben, Miss May, de lory of heben.

" 'They's all rejoicing, Cathie, an I'm glad; I like to see de Cunnel's peole happy, but dey don't none ob dem city. know what I knows."

"I'm so sorry for de Cunnel! Cathie, you're a good woman, an' I've noticed of their son Roland with Mile. Blanc. how de chilens loves you, an' you has but left him to enter a convent of Les a good way ob gittin' on wid dem, and a good firm, strong will."

"I want you to hab de chilen in yo" care, ob course deir gran'ma, she'd keep | ing all the very swell parties, old as he m till de Cunnel finds somebody else was, and caught the cold which ended to be a mudder to dem, and even den- im, coming home from one of them. Ob. Cathie!' an' she fell a-sobbin' an' a-

nosnin' on my shoulder." y pore young mistress! Twa'nt but a of a portion of it.

little while after dat, dey carried her down stairs to put her in de coffin."

"Mars' Cunnel, he didn't take on, not bit. Even de little chillen, black an' white, cryin' all over, but Mars' Cunnel looked still an' white as she did, on'y he breathed."

"I never seed him shet a tear, Miss May, not one, but he never got any other mistress for us. Ole Miss, she do eberyt'ing jest as she did afore Miss L'ly come, an' I has de chillen to care for and 'muse wid dem blessed Bible stories which I knowed from Joshua to Jeremida."

"And de years gone by, an' little Miss growed beautiful. An' de boy, he wor a wild one, but de lovin'est thing in de world. Why, dey dian't treat me as folks does her.

"Dey didn't move 'way from me if sot too close; dey git in my lap, an' hang dar arms 'bout my neck, an' kiss me so much dat I tell um dey kiss all de black off. An' my young miss, she grow like her mudder day after day, and Mars' Cunnel, he jest worship her

"Well, Miss, I wor makin' a whip for young Mars' de day dey brung her home. 'Scuse me for cryin', Miss; I neber think of dat time without a sorrowful heart. There wor her long dress a-dragging, her hat off an' her hair so bright, all tumbled down like de waverin' water when de sun shines on it." "Was she killed?" I asked, intent,

almost breathless. "Not all ooer, bress de Lord, my pure, patient lamb! but de back was broke, an' dar was no life on'y in the brain. De fus' words she say when dey lay her on de bed, in her ridin' habit,

"Don't cry, papa, I'm only going to see darlin' mamma a little sooner, dat's all!" Cryl why de Cunnel scream! I twenty years since a man obtained by never see nothin' like it. would go out of his senses. And all de years, most of which was worn out and people seems if dey's crazy.

"Ole Miss an' I de only ones dat did a thing. You could hear de little nigs t. The lessee gave it a coat of ashes howlin' under de window like dey's somany huntin' dogs, an' de Cunnel gwinte | The rye yielded six bushels per acre; it an' asking de Lord what he'd done to

"He growed calmer before mornin," and then he heard de news frem de docbress de Lord, fur ef she'd gone den, I of the second year the whole was plow wouldn't give much fur Mars' Cunnel's brain, I tell you.

"An' so I nussed my sweet lamb, an' de cajun dat found her after she fell." "Cajun; what's a cajun?" I asked. "You spoke of one before,"

"Oh, a sort o' no good white folks livin' down by de swamp in ole Louisians, he used to come to de house, and Marster Cunnel, he never grew tired ob talkin' wid him, an' he hate and despise them low white trash befo' dat."

It was some time before I understood that she meant an Acadian, or French Canadian, as they sometimes style themselves, a people who are generally called "creole Francais," and who live in the interior of the State.

"Oh Miss May, you never see sich a wor, not sixteen yit, everyt'ing goneschool, 'musement, all de pleasures ob life-jest a smilin', jest a lookin' up all de time, so sure ob dat ober place."

"An' she keep me talkin' bout her mother, an' plan what she would do up dar, jest as if she wor gitten' ready to go to a-a 'scursion, whar she knowed she'd have everything pleasant about her. An'de Cunnel, he stopped askin' de Lord what he'd done it for. an' jest set dar and listened to her heavenly talk, and she on'y sixteen less than a week when she died."

"She died, then!" and I drew a long "Deed she did, of you kin call it dyin',

I'll b'ieeve to my last day she saw her mudder, for at de erd she stretched out dem eyes! She saw somethin' shure!"

"Maybe 'twas de dear Lord; how kin we tell? Well, dear lamb, she was took are several distinct breeds of polled from the evils to come, for de war broke cattle, we believe, such as the Galloout, and de Cunnel lost everything, all his big plantation, and de old Missis, she went off with heart broke, and de Cunnel, he fell at Shiloh, shot t'roo de head, and young Marster-well,

"I's had a hand in dat!" She added with a sort of triumph; "he's gone to de 'versity, an' is studyin' for a preacher, an' it's all long ob dem Bible teachin's I used to toche him, an' he say so hisself. Lor' wait!"

"I have a shinin' account to give Mrss Lily, when dem golden gates swings open for to let old mammy in to her dear lambs. Reckon, Miss we sha'n't remember all our woes an' trials, an' tribilations; it won't be nothin' but jubilees up dar, bress and praise de Lord!

Cathie took up her big basket and went out, but the spirit of exultation seemed to linger in the atmosphere she

Judge Lambert Tree, of Chicago, has inherited an estate of \$4,000,000 from his father-in-law, H. H. Magie, and is said to be the wealthiest man in that

The Princess Pierre Bonaparte did not see her husband after the marriage Dames Trinitaires.

Lord Beaconsfield insisted on dining out five or six times a week and attend-The wealth of the Astor family, of

New York, is estimated at one hundred Well, Miss May, I wor dat struck in millions of dollars. The Astors of this heap I couldn't answer yis or no, an' generation do little beyond the collecbeart thump as it never did befo'! tion of their revenues and the spending that of young children-that is, they

Somewhere in the world there hide Save they come in happy twos; Not in ones, nor yet in threes

But from every maiden's door Leads a pathway straight and true: Maps and surveys know it not: He who finds, finds room for two.

Then they see the garden gates: Never sky so blue as theirs, ever flowers so many sweet As for those who come in pairs Round and round the alleys wind;

Now a cradle bars their way; Now a little mound, behind-So the two go through the day. When no nook in all the lanes

But has heard a song or sigh;

Lo! another garden gate Opens as the two go by In they wander, knowing not; "Five and twenty" fills the air With a silvery echo low.

All about the startled pair Happier yet these garden walks; Closer, heart to heart they lean; Stiller, softer, falls the light; Few the twos and far between

Ill, at last, as on they pass Down the paths so well they know. Dace again at hidden gates, Stand the two! they enter slow.

Golden gates of fifty years, May our two your latchet press? Garden of the Sunset Land Hold their dearest happiness !

Then a quiet walk again! Then a wicket in the wall! Then one, steppeng on alone-Then two at the Heart of All!

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. Clover as a Fertilizer.

A correspondent reports the follow ing bit of farming experience: "About lease a large tract of land for a term of exhausted rye land. One field of ten

acres was sown with rye when he took and a good sprinkling of clover seed. was so thin that the clover had sufficient room to grow. The next season the clover covered the ground completely, and was allowed to remain on the ed in and the field planted with corn. which yielded forty-seven bushels per acre, and it has remained a fertile field to the present time."

About Clover.

A Michigan farmer writes to the journal of that name, that he considers clover to the farmer of as much value as a fertilizer as a crop of corn for fattening stock and making manure. In an experience of forty-two years he has learned its value. He says when he wants to seed down a field of wheat he waits until the ground is well settled at the opening of spring, and the hard frosts are past, and then sows the seed-six quarts of clover seed and four quarts of timothy seed, well mixed—then harrows in lightly and rolls the ground. He In seeding with oats, the amount of seed is the same, sown after the oats are dragged in, but the ground is then

rolled, benefiting both oats and clover. Clover is the most profitable summer pasture for hogs, but the pasture or field should be divided into two or three lots so that the stock may be changed from one to another during the season.

Hornless Cattle.

A nice pair of horns certainly adds beauty to a cow. It is not to be supposed, however, that she would give any more milk or make better beef for having them; but heretofore a cow with horns was more fashionable than s hornless animal, but everyone knows that fashion is a fickle goddess, so we her hands, an' such a look as come inter need not be surprised that an increased interest is being manifested in the polled or hornless breeds of cattle. There ways, Polled Angus, and the old-fashioned Mulley, so called. The triends of these animals are claiming from the different agricultural societies provisions for premiums this fall, which is proper enough, because all meritorious breeds should be put on the same basis. There is plenty of room on our Minnesota prairies for all. There is no danger but that the farmers will find out in good time which are the best and most profitable; neither is there any danger but that they will make good selections as soon as they have opportunity to do so. We are destined to be a great stock growing State.

Give the Calves Plenty to Eat. Now is the season of the year that young calves should have plenty of food. If they are permitted to be continually half-starved during May and June, they will hardly ever get over the set-back received from such a course. Everyone who has visited a farm where calves are ted sparingly must be familiar with that peculiar rural music, the bellowing of the disconted young calia music not of the most agreeable sort, indicating, as it does, that the little fellow is ill at ease some way or other. It is worth while to inquire into the cause of this discontent, for a young animal cannot be expected to stand and bawl for hours together without wasting, through such an amount of breath, noise and effort, a considerable portion of flesh, to say nothing of the real physical suffering which must cause these incessant complaints. By giving the calfall the milk necessary for a full stomach we expect the bawling would cease. The fact is, calves generally are doomed to a position too much like

cant a race of animals to merit much attention from grown-up persons with wise beads. For as children are not unfrequently kept in the nursery under the care of those who would not be entrusted with the care of money concerns, or sent to school to have their new-born intellects moulded by the cheap school-master, whom their parents would not suffer to have charge of even a favorite horse. So in like manner young calves are shut up or tied up in some comfortless out-house, where they receive a few moments attention in feeding twice in the space of twentyfour hours. Nature points out most distinctly that the young animal must at first be allowed to thrive only on the rich nutriment furnished by the fresh milk of the cow. The practice of separating the two wholly and at once is unnatural and severe. After a calt has been weaned it should be fed often and in small quantities at a time. When calves are allowed to distend themselves freely about sunrisc, they should not be compelled to fast fourteen hours before another meal is given at sunset. It would save, as evening approaches, incessant and pitiful bawling, which is caused in obedience to the gnawings of a hungry stomach. Minnesota farmers

cannot afford to starve their calves. Horses' Lege. Prairie Farmer. It is a well known fact that horses will work and remain sound for many years with legs apparently out of order Enlargements take place in the sheath of tendons after a strain; also from blows, where the parts become lined with a thick coat of lymph; and sometimes the body of the bone itself is found thickened from a deposition of bony lamina over the original bone. When all this has been in progress we question the propriety of any active measures, unless, as is generally the case, a feeling of soreness is exhibited after work by shifting or favoring of the limb or limbs in the stall, or by a "feelng" manner of going on first being taken out of the stable. When the legi are really callous, little impression can be made upon them unless by active measures; but rest and proper attention are the best preservatives of these most essential members of the horse's frame, with the friendly auxiliaries of hot water, fiannel bandages and freedom in a box stall, after severe work, and good shoeing all times. Provided no internal disease attacks the feet they will not only be as sound and healthy, but in better form, from having been properly

shod, than if they had not been shod at Some hoofs, however, having a great er disposition to secrete horn than others, and thus called strong feet, should never remain more than three weeks without being subjected to the drawing knife of the blacksmith, and the shoes properly replaced. Neither should stopping with damp tow be omitted, as moisture, not "wet." is beneficial to coop over your head. The crew is a pace." will always be more or less subect to diseased feet, quite unconnected with shoeing. The action of the hinder legs of horses reminds us of one useful hint to those who have to use their horses on long journeys. If we follow a well formed horse, with the free use of his limbs, on a road upon which his footsteps are imprinted, we shall find in that indistinguishable "common the hinder foct oversteps the fore foot herd" that our queer civilization comin the walk, but falls behind it in the slow trot. Exclusive of relief to the muscles by change of action, then, it is safer to vary the pace from a walk to a slow trot on a fourney, as causing less fatigue to the hock joint, by which curbs and spavins are frequently thrown out. Add to this, the slow trot is the safest pace a horse goes, because his

step is shortest. Reminiscences of John Brown. Mr. Thomas B. Musgrove, the New York banker, says: "One day in the summer of 1859, I was sitting in the dryroods house of which I was the junior partner, and my desk was in the middle of the floor, as the junior partner's alays is, when a man came in whom ecognized in a minute as John Brown He had been a friend of my father, and had nursed me on his knee when I was child. He took his sent on a bale of Osnaburgs. Osnaburgs were a sort of bagging used at the time to bale cotton As Brown sat on the Osnaburgs, he said These are made of labor that ought to be free.' He repeated, feeling them in his fingers, 'made of labor that ought to be free.' He then said he wanted to see the head of the firm who was also his friend. I said to him: 'Mr. Brown, he is very busy just now. Can't I attend to your business quite as well? What do you want?' 'I want to get some rifles,' he said, 'for Kansas. I wanted som money.' 'Well, Mr. Brown,' said I, suppose I give you a cheek for \$50won't that do?' 'That will do very

well,' he said, 'and I need not wait to see Mr.—' "I wrote him the check, and he too it, and put it away, and that is the last time I ever saw him. As he got up from the Osnaburgs he said, shaking his head: 'Made of labor that ought to be free.' A very little while passed, it seemed to me two months, perhaps, when I picked up the paper and saw that John Brown had made a descent on Harper's Ferry. I wrote to him, expressing my surprise that he was there, and asking if anything could be done for him. He replied that he would like to have a suit of clothes to go to his trial in. I knew what he liked to wear first-rate. He always wore, if he could control it himself, a suit of snuff-colored cloth or cassimere. His hair was of a are regarded as too small and insignifi brown color, very much like the tint each gossip in Staunton tear his or her

of the snuff-colored cloth, and so were hair that they didn't find it out in that on that melancholy Sunday, after levay? his eyes. His lips always looked to me as if they had water on them. He spoke with good, fair grammar; and was an interesting talker. I had the clothes made up and sent to him to appear at the trial. Not long after that a paper at Richmond published the names of Northern firms whom nothing must be bought from, and ours among the rest. My partners came to me and said I had made a dreadful mistake, and must drop out of the firm. I said that would suit

Oncer Bread Materials. Mrs. M. II France, in Milistone.

Earth bread is made from a white

arth in Upper Lusatia, formerly a part of Germany, but now under the rule of Prussia, and the poor of that region use this bread in times of scarcity. The earth is dug from a hill where saltpeter was once manufactured. When laid in the sun until heated, it cracks, and globules like meal exude from it. These are mixed with a little flour and soon terment, and is then baked. It is supposed that the saltpeter or sods in this earth gives it lightness. Something similar to it is found in Catalonia, and is also used for bread. It is affirmed that in cases of extreme need, many have lived on this bread for weeks without experiencing any injury. Soft stones were ground and made in o bread in the late famine in India, to prolong, if possible, the lives of that stricken people. Fishbread is still used in Iceland, Lapland. Crimea, Tartary, and other places far north. The fish is first dried, then beaten to a fine powder; and sometimes the the inner bark of some of the trees of that region is mixed with it, and then wet and made into bread and cakes. Moss-bread is manufactured in Icelandfrom the reindeer moss or lichen rangi erinus, which, toward the month of September, becomes soft, tender, and damp, with a taste like wheat bran. This moss contains a large quantity of starch, and the Icelanders gather it in the latter part of the summer season, thoroughly dry it, then grind into meal and bread, gruels and pottages are made with it. The want of better grain frequently compels the poor Icelanders to bake a kind of bread from the seeds of the sand-reed, elymus arenarius, which on their shores are merely eaten by the birds of passage.

A Mississippi Steamboat. An Epitome of American Civilization. A. Mayo in Christian Register.

A Mississippi steamboat of the first class is an epitome of American civilization. Its hold is crowded with all the products of the northern land, and the handwork of the factory, the workshop and the mine. You are kept awake by the tramp of mules, the grant of pigs and the lowing of cows, and waked up at early morn by a salute from the hen the health of the foot. Do what we crowd of many colors. The passengers may, however, horses that are required represent all sorts and conditions of this can people, parceled off in cliques as distinct as the most exclusive village of old Connecticut. Above the salt are the tobles reserved for the women and such bappy "annexes" as can claim their protection, mounting up, rank by rank, the reporter to read President Lincoln's to the grandeur of the Captain's big testimony on the subject. The followchair. Below is huddle a mob of mer pels man unattended by woman, to as sume. The elect of the elect climb up occasionally to the pilot-house to char with the monarch who turns the wheel. Below, or in our case above the cabin, the African brother and sister find their colony, or the second-class white passenger worries along. It is strange life-a long doze, varied by spell of wide awakeness, as the majestic creature that bears you wheels round and heads up stream to her landing. Our good ship carried two electric lights at her front, whose effect at midnight was something marvelous, flooding a

> the wonder-stricken people revealed all secrets in hidden corners. She Kept the Secret.

whole region of country with a tremend-

ous illumination the bleached faces of

On one of the excursions which le Staunton in October, 1876, for the Centennial were two passengers, and young lady of Rockbridge, whose bright face as we'll as her bright mind had made her as popular in Stanuton soclety as at home, and another was : young gentleman of Staunton, temporarily residing in Rockbridge, who contemplated shortly removing to the far West. They were devoted lovers, and, changing her mind during his expected was going wrong with our cause when absence as was insurmountable. Stopping in Baltimore a few hours the lady in cancellon with the indisposition reprocured a license, repaired to the resitamous Presbyterian minister (the lady the residence of Dr. Morris, in Lindon being a Presbyterian), and were united row, on Frank in street. Dr. Morris—s in wedlock. They then returned to secret was confided to two of the groom's family and a relative in Richmond, the lady making a confident of one of her family and a devoted married lady friend. The groom went West to make his fortune, and will, in a few dayes return to claim his wife. who has all along retained her maiden name. Though the marriage took place nearly five years ago, and seven persons knew it not a word has leaked out about it until within the last week, a sertion that "a woman can't keep a secret," and also a feet that makes

length of time.

COLONEL ELLSWORTH.

Testimony Of Ceptain Frank Brownell

WASHINGTON, May 26 .- Twenty ears ago the first blood shed in defence of the Union was offered up in me very well indeed, and I sold out and of Captain Frank T. Brownell, and recharacter, which recently had been as-Brownell was a friend of the marty red Colonel, and was with him when Jackson fired the fatal shot.

"His private character," sa'd Captain Brownell "is a subject that has interested me very much, and I think it is now in its twelfth edition, and to-day is being used in the schools of the city Colonel Ellsworth was a famous "rough and circus rider." I can not imagine got this information. I don't believe actor, his private diary.

eather, with the United States coat of ot arms stamped in gilt on its sides. Turning over the leaves, which were of the dead hero, he read numerous extracts. It was a concise history of the daily life of the young soldier when he gling for an honorable position among men, living upon bread and water, and sleeping upon the bare floor of his emand pages were filed with affectionate fond hopes for a future that would shed happiness and comfort over their declining years. Incidents of his life were chronicled: how on one occasion after living on bread and crackers until his energy drooped for bare food, he stopped at the store of an acquaintance, and, selecting a very small piece, of dried beef, inquired the price, adding, to divert attention, that he somehis accepting it as a gift, but he would low. not do so until he had presented him in to the weary and heavy laden, and rose

ing letter addressed to the parents of interest: "My acquaintance with him began ess than two years ago, yet through the latter half of the intervening period arteries, veins, nerves and glands. it was as intimate as the disparity of It is lined with a delicate mucous memour ages and my engrossing engagements would premit. To me he sppeared to have no indulgences or pass times, and I never heard him utter a profane or intemperate word. What consist of different thin layers of muswas more conclusive of his good heart, he never forgot his parents. The homors he labored for so laudable, and in | iar rolling motion by which the food is the sad end so gallantly gave his lifehe meant for them no less thanhimself. In the hope that it may be no tion must have a special supply of blood. intrusion upon the sacredness of your sorrow, I have ventured to address this letter to the memory of my young friend and your brave and early fallen child. May God give you the consolation which is beyond earthly power. Sincerely your friend in common A. LINCOLM."

How Jefferson Davis Left Richmond. Judge Bruce's Reminiscences before the Souther Bresident Davis and his family were in their pew that morning. I saw the serton go to that pew in the midst of e services and speak to the President nd the President retired from the con as the sequel will show, the gentleman gregation. I was not feeling very well took such a precaution against the lady that morning. I felt that something I saw the President withdraw; and this and gentleman, after the latter hadfi ferred to, caused me also to retire from the church. I repaired at once to my dence of the Rev. Mr. Murkland, the ledwings, on Second street, not ar from brother of our friend, Colonel John D. their respective homes and there the Morris, well known to most of us present this evening -was President or gen era! superintendent of the telegraph lines in the Confederate States. Ich mediately on reaching my lodgings met a friend, who asked me it I had heard the news. I responded "No. what is it?" He replied: "Dr. Morris" little daughter was just over here, and said that her father had just come home. and stated that General Lee had telegrsphed President Davis that the enemy had broken the Coufederate lines, that fact that entirely disposes of the as- the army would have to retire further south, and Richmond would have to be alresh." evacuated." The hours I remained in Richmond \$3,000 a night.

ing St. Paul's, were among the saddest of my life. I felt that our cause was then the lost cause. Many of the scenes witnessed by me as I went to and fro through the streets of that good old city were heartrendering. The bad news had spread with lightening speed all over town. Having spent much of Alexandria in the death of the gallant the time during the war in Richmond, Colonel Ellsworth. With this melan- I had formed many acquaintences choly reminiscence in h's mind, a re- among its noble and hospitable citizens; porter to-day dropped in at the rooms and am proud to say, some of them became my dearest friends. The men quested that gentleman to give his esti- generally were on the streets, and large mate of Colonel Ellsworth's private numbers of the ladies stood in the doors and on steps of their houses, many sailed in several newspapers. Captain bathed in tears and making inquiries and giving utterance to woeful disappointment and anguish. About nightfall I took my seat in a car of the train at the Danville depot, preparing to start southward with its sad and disappointed human freight. The President and his would interest any one who became at Cabinet were on the same train. By all acquainted with it. I have here a this time I had become much exhausted school history of the United States, by the fatigues of preparation and visits published in Baltimore in 1870, which to attached friends for the purpose of eave taking, and had almost succumbed to the indifference resulting from the of Alexandria, in which it is stated that irredeemable loss and disappointed hopes. My fellow-passengers, both male and female, in the crowded carwhere the compiler of this history (?) were very much in the same plight. I never knew so little conversation inif history was searched through to find dulged by so large a number of acquainlife to hold up for the emulation of tances together, for we were nearly all the youth of our country, that you would acquainted with each other, and I may find a better illustration of a true pat- say fellow fugitives driven by the same riot and gentleman than that of Colonel great calamity and wrong. Very few Ellsworth. I have here in my possessi- words were interchanged. Sleep soon on a number of his letters, and, what is overcame most of us. This, I well perhaps the best evidence of his char- remember, was my case, for I dropped to sleep before the train started from Richmond, and was not aware of its With these words, Captain Brownell produced a small book, bound in red departure when it left. I slept soundly nearly all the night through. I believe we did not leave Richmond until pretty late in the night, and when day broke filed with the nest, round handwriting in on us on the morning of April 3d, we we were somewhere in the neighborhood of Busheville Junction, probably between that place and Roanoke. We was a law student in Chicago, strug- stopped at every station on the way, crowds thronging to the train at each to make inquiries, for the bad news in this case preserved its proverbial repployer's office. Every line breathed of utation for fast traveling. Everybody s high and honorable purpose in life, sought to see, shake hands with, and speak to the President, who maintained allusions to his aged parents and his all the way a bold front, gave no evidence by word of appearance of despair, but spoke all along encouragingly to the people.

Ice and the Stomach.

Theuse of ice as a luxury, in the form of ice cream or of iced water, is becoming more prevalent in this country. Used in this way they are generally taken, especially by the young, times feltlike eating a little lunch at recklessly, without a thought of any the office. The grocer insisted upon serious, possibly fatal, results that fol-

An average stomach has an immense return with a dozen cigars. At another | deal to do to digest three full meals a time how, when the burdens and strug- day; especially when, asisfreq uantly the ase, it is disturbed and irritated too heavy for his strength, he knelt in food that is indigestible because of its prayer to Him who had promised rest quality or its quanity. Let it be remembered that there is nothing in the up with nerves strengthened for life's body-blood, muscles, membrane, conflicts. Captain Brownell, taking a bone, tendon, nerve, brain, or secreletter from the leaves of his diary asked tions—which has not come of the contents of the stomach. Neither is there a thought, a feeling, an emotion, a volition, or an act, which has not de-Colonel Ellsworth will be of general rived the material force back of it from the stomach.

> Such an organ must therefore, be highly organized. It has countless brane, as much so as the air-tubes. It is studded all over with glands which elaborate and pour into it that wonderful fluid, gastric juice. Its coats cles arranged crosswise, and these are constantly at work giving it that peculthoroughly mixed with the saliva-Every organ and muscle when in ac-

> This is especially true of the stomach. Now, it is the nature of cold to contract all blood-vessels and drive back the blood, and to paralyze, more or less, all nerves. Of course, the flow of gastric juice is checked, and digestion is arrested, and the proper motion of the stomach interfered with by an icecold fluid introduced into it.

Further, when the reaction sets in the blood-vessels become over-distended. induce often a dangerous congetieus, and an increased thirst, with a demand for more ice-water, thus inducing a

"vicious circle." From what we have said, any reader can see that feed water or ice cream, should not be taken into the stomach at the same time with food. Serious consequences often follow a disregard of this physical law.

The inhabitants of the Caspibal Islands have discovered trick as in an American missionary. This a sad blow at one of the countries pading

Some females have theen arrested in Kentucky for the manufacture of illicit whisky. This is the first recorded instance of a woman keeping still.

Falstaff asks, "What's honor?" as though it was hard to tell. But let one woman sit behind another in church and she'll tell what's on her in less than two minutes.

The heroine of a recent novel is quite versatile in the crying business. In one place the author says "her eyes were suffused with salt tears," while 'm another he tells us that "her tears flowed

Patti, when she sings, gets about